

The Life and Death of The Famous *Thomas Stukely*.

An *English* Gentleman in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who ended his
Life in the Baetle of the Three Kings of *Barbary*.



IN the West of England,
Born there was, I understand ;
A famous Gallant was he in his Days ;
By Birth a wealthy Clothier's Son,
Deeds of Wonder he hath done,
to purchase him a lang and lasting Praise,
If I would tell you his Story ;
Pride was all his Glory ;
and lusty Stukely he was call'd in Court ;
He serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the Best ;
maintaining of himself in gallant sort.
Being thus esteemed,
And every where well deemed ;
he gain'd the Pavour of a London Dame ;
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called then ;
to whom a Suitor gallantly he came.

When she his Person spied,
He could not be denied :
so brave a Gentleman he was to see.
She was quickly made his Wife,
In Weal and Woe to lead her Life ;
her Father willing thereto did agree,
Thus in State and Pleasure,
Full many Days thry measure ;
'till cruel Death with his regardless Spight,
Bore old Curtis to his Grave,
A Thing that Stukely wish'd to have,
that he might revel then in Gold so bright.
He was no sooner Tombed ;
But Stukely he presumed
to spend a Hundred Pound a Day in waste,
The greatest Gallant in the Land
Had Stukely's Purse at their Command.
thus merrily away the Time he past.

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Taverns and Ordinaries
 Were his chief Bravaries;
 golden Angels then flew up and down,
 Riots were his best Delight,
 With stately Feasting Day and Night.
 in Court and City thus he won Renown;
 Thus wasting Lands and Living,
 By this Lawless Giving;
 at length he sold the pavement of the Yard.
 Which cover'd was with Blocks of Tin,
 Old Curtis left the same to him,
 which he consumed lately as you've heard.
 Whereat his Wife sore grieved,
 Desiring to be relieved:
 make much of me dear Husband she did say,
 I'll make much more of thee (said he)
 Than any one shall verily;
 I'll sell thy Cloaths, and then go my way.
 Cruelly thus hard-hearted,
 Away from her he parted;
 and travel'd into Italy with Speed:
 There he flourish'd many a Day,
 In his Silks and rich Array;
 and did the Pleasures of a Lady feed.
 It was the Lady's Pleasure,
 To give him Gold and Treasure,
 to maintain him with great Pomp and Fame,
 At last News came assuredly,
 Of a Battle fought in Barbary;
 and he would valiantly go see the same,
 Many a noble Gallant,
 Sold both Land and Talent;
 to follow Stukely in this famous Fight;
 Whereas three Kings would
 Advent'rously with Courage bold.
 within this Battle shew'd themselves in Fight
 Stukely and his Followers all,
 Of the King of Portugal,
 had Entertainment like to Gentlemen.
 The King affected Stukely so,
 That he did his Secrets know;
 and bore his Royal Standard now and then.
 Upon this Day of Honour,
 Each Man did show his Manner;
 Norocco, and the King of Barbary;
 Portugal and all his Train,
 Bravely glittering on the Plain;
 and gave the Onset there most valiantly.
 The Cannons there rebounded,
 And thundering Guns redounded:
 kill, kill, then was the Soldiers Cry;

Mangled Men lay on the Ground,
 And with Blood the Earth was drown'd,
 the Sun was likewise darken'd in the Sky,
 Heaven was so displeased,
 And would not be appeased;
 but Tokens of God's Wrath did show:
 That he was angry at this War,
 He sent a fearful blazing Star;
 thereby the King might his Misfortune know
 Bloody was the Slaughter;
 Or rather cursed Murder;
 where sixscore thousand fighting Men be slain:
 Three Kings within this Fight dy'd,
 And forty Lords and Dukes beside;
 the like may never more be fought again,
 With woeful Arms, enfolded,
 Stukely stood beholding
 this cursed Sacrifice of Men that Day:
 He fighting said, I wicked Wight,
 Against my Conscience here to fight;
 and brought my Followers unto Decay,
 Being thus sore vexed,
 And with Grief oppressed;
 these brave Italians that sold their Lands,
 With Stukely to ventur'd forth,
 And hazard Life for nothing worth,
 upon him then did cast their cursed Hands.
 Unto Death thus wounded,
 His Heart with Sorrow swooned;
 unto them he made his heavy Moan:
 Thus have I left my Country dear,
 To be in this manner murder'd here?
 even in this Place where I am not known,
 My Wife I have much wronged,
 Of what to her belonged.
 I did consume in wicked Course of Life.
 What I had is past I see:
 And brings nought but Grief to me.
 therefore grant me Pardon, gentle Wife.
 Life I see consumeth;
 And Death I see presumeth
 to change this Life of mine into a new;
 Yet this my my greatest Comfort brings,
 I liv'd and dy'd in Love of Kings,
 and so brave Stukely bids the World adieu.
 Stukely's Life thus ended,
 Was after Death befriended;
 and like a Soldier buried gallantly,
 Where now there stands upon the Grave
 A stately Temple builded brave,
 with golden Turrets piercing to the Sky.